THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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THE TRUE NONCONFORMIST

Be not diverted from your duty *by any idle reflection the silly world may make upon you,* for their censures are not in your power and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

— EPICTETUS

....to fear no one, and nought, save the tribunal of his own conscience.

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

I would reject all authority if it is in conflict with sober reason or the dictates of the heart.

— GANDHIJI

Occultism knows of no obedience; but only of the response which wells up from within as a conviction.

— B. P. WADIA

IT IS increasingly evident to the thoughtful everywhere that we are facing the grave danger of losing sight of the Rights of Man. The individual is submerged in the group. The citizen is made subservient to the State. Governments are becoming more and more autocratic and expecting the people to conform to the pattern of life and behaviour planned for them. The blame for this threat to individual liberty is placed on the political party in power and the machinery of its government. It is not sufficiently realized that the people themselves share the responsibility since it is they who make such abuses of power possible through their own mental attitude. Most people find it easier to "conform." They follow the line of least resistance and prefer to submit to external authority.

The reasons for this passive "conformity" vary. Some are motivated by the expectation of receiving some benefits, financial security, approbation, position, what not. Others wish to "belong" and hope to do so by adopting the way of life of the group in which they find themselves. For many

it is easier to submit to external authority than to think for themselves. Others again are deluded and consider it a duty to "conform." Is not adaptability a virtue? Are we not taught that we must learn to adapt ourselves to any and all circumstances?

Whatever the reasons for this passive submission, it is never right to live somebody else's life. We must live, each one of us, what we are ourselves and this can only be achieved by acting from *within*, instead of following impulses from without or conforming to an external pattern designed by an outside power. The danger increases when the authorities are divided and the conformist attempts to please them all! We are all familiar with the old fable of the father, his son and the donkey they were both taking to the fair to be sold. In their foolish endeavour to please all the people they passed on the road they ended by pleasing no one and carrying the donkey between them....But there is a less familiar story which illustrates more strikingly still the ultimate fate of one who tries to agree with everyone. It is the old story of a chameleon. This chameleon, placed on a blue cloth, turned blue. On a green cloth, it turned green. And so on through all the colours. Finally, he was placed by a practical joker on a Scotch plaid. That was too much for our poor chameleon: it blew up!

Whether through mental inertia or through the selfish expectation of some benefit, it is always cowardly to "conform" when one does not really agree. It is also dishonest. There is no more unreliable person than the one who agrees with every one and like the chameleon of our story adopts each colour in succession.

Every pioneer worthy of the name, every true reformer, every sincere altruist, has always been a nonconformist. He has been a man, not a mouse! And as a man he has had the courage to follow his own convictions. It was Gandhiji who said: "One's own inner convictions come first always." For the spiritual aspirant, self-induced thought and action are indispensable requisites; for no real growth is possible without them. Evolution for man proceeds always from *within*, by self-induced and self-devised ways and means. The coward who fears opposition or misunderstanding, who prefers to agree in order to please, retards his own progress and paralyzes his will. In the *Bhagavad-Gita*, Sri Krishna mentions fearlessness as the first of the divine qualities, and in *The Voice of the Silence* it is said :—

> Beware of fear that spreadeth, like the black and soundless wings of midnight bat, between the moonlight of thy Soul and thy great goal that loometh in the distance far away.
>
> Fear, O Disciple, kills the will and stays all action.

The neophyte is expected to follow the dictates of his own conscience and, acting from within, gradually to unfold his own intuition. He becomes more and more self-reliant and hence never hesitates to make a brave declaration of his principles while respecting the freedom of every individual to think for himself and determine his own way of life. Thus does the neophyte become less and less susceptible to external influences and more receptive to the divine influx from within.

All men and women are more or less suggestible to influences from outside and in our present civilization the use of suggestion has become a science. If we are to defend ourselves successfully from this hypnotic invasion, political or otherwise, we must cultivate a positive attitude of mind and learn to think for ourselves.

Learning to think for ourselves is thus the first step towards the needed reform from passivity to creative positivity. It was James Bryce who said:—

> To the vast majority of mankind nothing is more agreeable than to escape the need for mental exertion. . . . To most people nothing is more troublesome than the effort of thinking.

So long as men will not think, so long will there be dictators and autocrats! The true enemies of our freedom are primarily within us, in our fears and our greeds, in our indifference and our laziness. It is these internal forces rooted in egotism that are exploited from outside. The only lasting protection lies therefore in replacing our wrong habits of thought by correct thinking and in purifying our motives and cleansing our desires. There can be no righteous behaviour save on the basis of right thinking and the latter springs from a pure motive and a disinterested attitude. The key to all our successes is the recognition of the Spirit in each one of us and the sincere endeavour to make that Great Self our supreme concern. In the words of Sri Krishna :—

> Throwing every deed on me, and with thy meditation fixed upon the Higher Self, resolve to fight, without expectation, devoid of egotism and free from anguish.

May many undertake that noblest of all fights and contribute thus to the victory of the Spirit!

NAMRATĀ

TRAGEDY AND SANSKRIT DRAMA

[In a long essay of which we here publish the first part **Shri K. Viswanatham, M.A.,** a teacher of literature of many years' standing and at present Reader in English, Andhra University, Waltair, examines the concept of tragedy, and suggests that in an essential sense Sanskrit drama also possessed it. His essay is full of interest and steeped in literary reminiscence of both the Sanskrit and the Western writers whom he loves.— ED.]

I

By an inward affinity are beings bound together.— BHAVABHUTI

Revenge triumphs over death; Love slights it; Honour aspireth to it: Grief flieth to it; Fear preoccupateth it; nay we read, after Otho the Emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign and as the truest sort of followers.

—FRANCIS BACON: "Of Death"

IN a book on Iceland, a chapter captioned "Snakes in Iceland," De Quincey tells us, contained a single illuminating sentence: "There are no snakes in Iceland." In the same way one can say: "There is no tragedy in Sanskrit drama," and conclude this essay. Lest we slip into "the deep slumber of a decided opinion" the question is reopened, and the quest for tragedy in Sanskrit will not be, in Bhartṛhari's words, like extracting oil out of sand, obtaining water out of a mirage or procuring the horn of a hare.

To the question: "Is there tragedy in Sanskrit drama?" the answer depends on the idea of tragedy that we have. If a tragedy means a play with an unhappy ending, then we have to say there is no tragedy in Sanskrit drama—with one sole exception: Bhasa's *Urubhanga*, the only tragedy in Sanskrit (technically it is called *Utṣṛstikānka*). If tragedy has nothing to do with an unhappy ending, then we have to say that every Sanskrit play is an excellent tragedy, and the happy ending can even be removed, often, without the least damage, psychological or technical, to the play. For instance, *Nāgānandam* is one of the finest of tragedies in this sense. Faddegon calls *Mṛacchakatikam* a tragedy with a happy ending.

In this paper I shall first summarize the opinions of some scholars on the absence of tragedy in Sanskrit. Next, I shall dwell on the new concept of tragedy as inhering in emotional effect, tragic character, tragic plot. In the light of this I shall discuss *Urubhanga* and *Nāgānandam*, and compare

these Sanskrit plays to the final plays of Shakespeare, which I feel they resemble closely, and finally offer an explanation of the Western preference for Tragedy and our preference for *Sṛṇgāra* and *Vira* (the Romantic and the Heroic.)

Professor Keith's explanation is the following: Indians live in a world of tranquil calm, not in the sense that sufferings are unknown but in the sense that there prevails a rational order in the world which is the outcome not of blind chance but of the actions of man in previous births. Discontent with the constitution of the universe, rebellion against its decrees are incompatible with the serenity engendered by the Brahmanical theory of life.

Mahamahopadhyaya Kuppuswami Sastri writes: Complete pessimism is unknown to Indian culture and hence the elimination of technical tragedy. We are believers in post-mortem existence, an existence that is not restricted to our existence in the present physical frame. If we existed before, we are going to exist for ever. It is this belief in the immortality of the individuality, in its previous post-mortem existence, that is responsible for the elimination of technical tragedy. There is nothing ending in sorrow. Sorrow or grief may be for a while the dominating element, but to end with sorrow is impossible. If your soul really lives in sorrow for a time, it must come out of it in a more energetic way.

Professor Das Gupta in his history of Sanskrit literature observes: A drama ending with disastrous consequences would be a mutilated piece from the world of our experience...It is only a partial view, not the whole. In spite of the charge of pessimism often laid at the door of Indian thought by the Westerners, it should be noted that Indians, who admit sorrow as a partial aspect of things would regard it as relative in the conception of the whole or totality. A drama in its totality must aim at some realization.

Dr. Bhagvan Das in his *Science of the Emotions* observes: The science of Indian drama tacitly discourages tragedy-writing. Songs of old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago, sweetest songs that tell of saddest thoughts, songs of the separation of lovers, do not belong to the strongest and most vigorous aspects of life.

Cornford writes in the same strain: The plays of Kālidāsa and other writers of the classical drama are romantic in atmosphere, full of tenderness and pathos as well as of humour, but the tragic tone is absent and the ending happy.

Clifford Leech, discussing the Shakespearean tragedy, glances at this

lacuna in Sanskrit drama.

Tragedy grows, it is said, out of a sense of the terrible mystery of the non-human world. In the Hindu view of life there is no room for fear and therefore none for tragedy. Our common people (who have not left fear behind) express this sense, not in literature but in the placation of small-pox and cholera spirits.

If these views are right, they constitute a serious charge against Sanskrit drama, because, as Professor Abercrombie says, there is no surer sign of a healthy mind than the enjoyment of tragedy. Did the Sanskrit poet behave ostrich-like, turn a Nelson-eye to the heart-break in life and build his world with bricks of lotus cemented by *attar*?

But these views appear almost unreal if we turn to the new concept of tragedy.

Since Jaegar, the great German scholar, published his studies of Aristotle a great change has come over the very concept of tragedy. Nine out of ten believe that tragedy is a drama with an unhappy ending and that the catastrophe is brought about by the tragic flaw in the hero. Let the following points be noted at the very outset:

1. To the Greeks tragedy never meant a play with an unhappy ending. From a play which might have an unhappy or a happy ending, it has come to mean any story with an unhappy ending.

2. "Catastrophe" meant not a sudden disaster but a gradual resolution, corresponding to the Sanskrit *nirvahaṇa*. "The catastrophe is a nuptial," says Don Armado in *Love's Labours Lost*.

3. Aristotle speaks of tragic *delight*.

4. There are great Greek tragedies which not only do not have an unhappy ending but have a close of resounding triumph, *e.g.*, Sophocles' *Electra*, *Philoctetes* and *Œdipus at Colonus*; Euripides' *Iphigeneia at Tauris*; Æschylus's *Oresteia*.

5. Aristotle speaks of a hero in a tragedy "passing by a series of probable or necessary stages from misfortune to happiness or from happiness to misfortune."

6. The expression "tragic flaw" is an absurd translation of *hamartia*. So much so, that today in any discussion of tragedy one is asked if one is a Hamartian or a non-Hamartian. The latter alone understands tragedy properly. *Hamartia* etymologically means failure to hit the mark, and hence means an error, by no means a moral taint.

7. Aristotle's preference for the tragic endings of Euripides has become the world's preference. But it is not a law.

8. "Peripety" means not reversal of fortune but reversal of direction or intention.

9. Tragic plot, tragic hero, tragic delight, and perhaps tragic ending, together make a tragedy; not the tragic ending alone and by itself.

But Aristotle himself may have to be supplemented and revised. If tragedy is delightful, how can catastrophe, the tragic flaw, etc., produce that delight? If tragedy is unhappiness, who would go to the theatre? The theatre is not a hospital, in Lucas's epigram. If tragedy were morally tainted, it would not have been held out as an example. The Greeks, as much as the Hindus, ethicized their æsthetics.

The notion of tragedy as an unhappy matter goes against the verdict of common sense and is contradicted by the utterances of the tragic heroes and heroines. I shall mention a budget of utterances :—

POSTHUMUS : I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

RAMA : Affection, compassion, felicity — Sita herself — could I abandon to propitiate my people and feel no pang.

JIMUTAVAHANA : Your satisfaction, O Great One, I shall not see.

MACBETH : Yet I will try the last.

ANTIGONE : Doing this it is good to die.

GANDHI : If blood be shed, let it be our blood.

CLAUDIO : I will encounter darkness as a bride.

ANTONY : I will be a bridegroom in my death.

CHARUDATTA : Death shall be as a son's birth.

DESDEMONA : Nobody. I myself ; farewell, commend me to my lord.

KARNA : If he of the *Vajra* [Indra] comes as suppliant, even my life will I grant.

HAMLET : Absent thee from felicity awhile.

CLEOPATRA : The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch
That hurts and is desired.

These utterances of heroes, in fiction or in life, in tragedy or epic or romance, belong to the same kinship. They may not belong to the same linguistic area; they belong to the same province in the world of ideas. The emotional effect left on us is one of exaltation. When the tragic heroes say that death to them is felicity, is it not silly on our part to whimper and cry: Alas! Alack! our pity for his affliction and terror at his suffering are purged by our admiration for his unquenchable courage. The ordinary man is marred by the deadly virtue of prudence which doth posset and curd, like eager droppings into milk, the thin and wholesome blood. Hence Castle Perilous in Eliot's *Waste Land* is in ruins. We are not capable of the

awful daring of a moment's surrender which an age of prudence can never retract. Hence a modern poet's explanation of the absence of poetry:—

It is the logic of the times
And no subject for immortal verse,
That we who lived by honest dreams
Defend the bad against the worse.

This is a foul world. There is infernal brewery. Good things of the day begin to droop and drowse. Death is hard by life and civilization becomes a synonym of corruption. The persons of the tragic world are not of the ordinary breed. They look like antediluvian giants in the misted opulence of that world. There is beggary in love that is reckoned, says Antony. After the hero's death there is nothing left beneath the visiting moon. "Others but breathe." It is not the Forsytes and the quibbling lawyers and ledger-keepers that inhabit this world; they are the crawling worms beneath these colossi. This isolation is right, writes Professor Bowra; these great personalities are not made for easy companionship. They demand too much; their standards are too high for them to enter into the compromises of daily life.

As when some peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits and his powers
In their confluxions all to run one way.

It is better as it is. That is how a character comments on Antony in Dryden's *All for Love*. We do not wish their lives to be otherwise. The Duke of Ormond, at the court of Charles II, said when his friends tried to console him: "I would rather have my dead son than any living son in Christendom." For the time being we are more than kin, but after the intoxication of identification we are less than kind. Before human passion is reduced to a state of mental equivocation, says Hazlitt, we find the heroes and heroines not setting their lives at a pin's fee but rather courting opportunities of throwing them away in very wantonness of spirit. They raise their fondness for some favourite pursuit to a height, to a pitch of madness, and think no price too dear to pay for its full gratification. Everything else is dross. They go to death as to a bridal bed and sacrifice themselves and others without remorse at the shrine of love, of honour, of religion or other prevailing feeling. One strong idea takes possession of the mind and overrules everything else; even life, joyless without it, becomes an object of loathing and indifference.

What is tragic to the ordinary man is a hosanna of triumph to the Hero. Our values are trifles to him. The difference between these large-

hearted men and men of little breed is excellently expressed by Parolles:—

> If my heart were great
> It would burst at this: Captain, I will be no more
> But I will eat and drink and sleep as soft.
> As captain shall. Simply the thing I am, shall make me live.

Simply the thing he is does not make the hero live; it bursts his heart. It is because Falstaff's heart is great that it is "fracted and corroborate." Falstaff belongs to the giant race that escalades the heavens and takes its seat in the clouds. The heroes do not stoop to conquer. They are awkward in their inflexibility. They will rather stand bolt upright and break than lie low, cringe and fawn. They care nothing for what we regard as fine. They exhale us from our low-thoughted world as the sun the earth's vapours. Hence the exhilaration we feel when we stand like midgets before them. They do not understand what we mean by success or failure. Shakespeare, says Professor Peter Alexandcr, leaves such judgments to God or a commentator. A tragic hero values things otherwise than us:—

> Rightly to be great
> Is not to stir without great argument
> But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
> When honour is at the stake.

It is the ideal of honour that transforms a jail into a quiet hermitage for a patriot, that makes the slab of death as thrilling as the touch of the beloved to Jimūtavahana. When honour is at stake, Luke's iron crown is a laurel wreath and Damien's bed of steel a spread of asphodel. Hemlock is honey and crucifixion crowning. The pangs are forgotten in the birth and the lover's pinches in the body's rapture.

The tragic hero is not a doubting Thomas in a situation. He has a clear-cut idea of what he should do; his activity is not sicklied over by the pale cast of thought. His responses do not waver in dim outline; the heroes are not burdened or dazed or put out by new situations because of old loyalties. They are not half-believers of casual creeds; their honour is consequence-defying. They are blind to everything except the inevitable demand of honour. They plunge into roaring gulfs, leap through hoops of singeing fire or crash into the jaws of gnashing ruin.

From this it is patent that *hamartia,* as usually interpreted, cannot be to tragic heroes. They are undone by their goodness:—

> Know you not, master, to some kind of men
> Their graces serve them but as enemies.

Tlemosyne can become *hamartia*. What appears like Cain's is Christ's. Even *authadeia* is blazing *arête*. Coriolanus refuses to advertise his scars. To brand this as arrogance is an impudent use of words. It is a disinterested passion for integrity and honour. As the Second Citizen says, what he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him.

K. VISWANATHAM

(*To be concluded*)

WINTER

A wild young deer
Drinks at a mountain pass
In the crystal marble
Coldness of the snow.

A Madonna reigns
Over his watering place,
And her elusive smile
Of love and compassion
Gives assurance
To the faun
And allows him
To drink.

The painting "Winter"
By Elizabeth McCord
Catches the spirit
Of the season.
For the winter's
Cold reality gives way
To a promise
Of certain spring.

ELLEN D. SMITH

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MICHAEL SCOTT

[THE REV. MICHAEL SCOTT, who is at present also very actively engaged in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, took part in the famous Aldermaston March, and was imprisoned with other pacifists, after a sit-down passive resistance demonstration earlier this year at the Swaffham missile base, Norfolk. The imprisonment was only a brief token one, and the Campaign still continues vigorously.

Mr. George Godwin, well-known to our readers, outlines in this article the philosophy and work of Michael Scott. — ED.]

OUR EARLIEST CHILDHOOD impressions are said to be the strongest we ever receive, and whereas marks made in later life on the tablets of our minds are ephemeral and soon obliterated, those early marks remain.

The early impressions of the boy Michael Scott, the third son of the vicar of a slum parish, were of parental love and the distresses caused by the spectacle of poverty and suffering all about him. This capacity for pity for the poor and despoiled, rather unusual in a boy, grew into the dominating character of the man the child was to become.

And it is not unreasonable to suppose that a childish unconscious desire for identification with the beloved father ultimately determined his choice of career.

However that may be, this capacity for pity, perhaps the purest of all human emotions, grew as the boy came to manhood, and with it a burning desire to right wrongs and to work to alleviate the sufferings of others.

Even so, still to seek is the driving force which was to make Michael Scott a priestly stormy petrel, a "turbulent priest," ranging up and down the earth and exerting a political and spiritual influence utterly disproportionate to his meagre material resources, and this often to the discomfiture of great personalities and powers.

Not even his later conversion to *Satyagraha,* or passive resistance, as taught and practised by Mahatma Gandhi, yields the final clue. For though Michael Scott has twice suffered imprisonment as a passive resister, he has combined with that negativism the positive method of the aggressive combatant. His whole life became a perpetual battlefield.

His has been, moreover, a battlefield with two fronts. First, he faced the internal conflict of the man grappling with "the lie in the soul." This was his involvement in an abortive attempt to equate Communism with Christianity, which ended in a painful and violent readjustment of values when he saw that Communism, as practised by its exponents, was no answer to the ethical bankruptcy of Western Capitalism.

Externally, his battles have been fought — mostly with totally inadequate supporting troops — in defence of the human rights of peoples unable to fight their own battles.

In all this long-drawn-out and exhausting fights for justice for the Black peoples of Africa, Scott has had that inner peace which stems from the absolute conviction of the justice of his cause and of his methods of championship. He has the same sort of almost fanatical faith that fortified martyrs amid the flames.

The total picture that emerges from a survey of Scott's career to the present time is that of a lone and indomitable fighter whose shield is raised over the heads of the victims of injustice and oppression, no matter who, no matter where: London's East End hunger marchers, deprived of the right to work in a land of plenty; the village peasants of India, imprisoned and sometimes beaten up by their gaolers; the tribesmen of South West Africa, betrayed by the British Government and despoiled by the Afrikaners.

The causes of all these have been espoused by Scott.

In Hackney, East End London, Scott was persuaded to accept the Communist doctrine. He read Marx and Engels and Feuerbach. It seemed to him then that here was the answer to social injustice.

Like so many others, Scott had fallen into the error of believing Communism shared idealistic and spiritual elements similar to those which informed the Socialism of Leo Tolstoi. Disillusioned, he ultimately turned away from it; for he saw "that everywhere the behaviour of individuals gave the lie to the Communist teaching," an observation that might be made with as much force of the mass of professing Christians.

Scott has put on record his regret that ill-health — he contracted T.B. — prevented him from reading Theology at Cambridge. Yet it was probably far better that he should have studied theology how and where he did, namely, with experience of life as a worker among lepers in South Africa, in St. Paul's College, Grahamstown. He later completed his studies at Chichester, where he was ordained.

After ordination Scott spent two years in a Sussex village as a curate, and then a year in a fashionable London parish. No man could have been less suited to the sort of duties, mostly futile, expected of a curate in a parish largely peopled by well-to-do parishioners of the *rentier* class.

It was from this work that Scott went to India. He was still involved with the Communists, and already he was beginning to feel the strain of his divided loyalties. With characteristic frankness he wrote of this phase later;—

> My impotence was partly a failure of courage and partly a failure of intellect. I had no surely grounded philosophy of life....I was like many of my generation in a state of spiritual and ethical disintegration.

It was while he was serving as domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Bombay that he became tormented by the contrast between the way of life of the European community and their rich Indian supporters, and the poverty and misery of the Indian masses.

Complaints of injustice used to be brought to him as Bishop's chaplain. He dutifully brought them to the attention of the Bishop. In his simplicity he expected a reaction in the Bishop similar to his own. He was soon disillusioned. The Church, it appeared, was not prepared to go out and do battle against social injustice and evil, but rather to justify by sophistry non-interference, or acquiescence.

Which was better, it was put to him, that a comparative few agitators should suffer in the gaols, or that whole tracts of country and innocent villages should have to be laid waste ?

This tepid attitude towards evil gave Scott pause. It must have roused in his mind a suspicion, later to become intensified, that in the Church of England's high places there prevailed a shrinking from the great challenge of the time, the political and social injustices everywhere, and the casuistical justification, on grounds of expediency not unlike those which informed the arguments of Caiphus, for non-participation in the battle for justice among men of all creeds, races and colours.

Scott left India after a serious motor accident that put him in hospital for a long time. But India has left its mark on him. It has cured him of his belief in Communism; and—though only by delayed action—has won him over to Gandhi's philosophy of non-violence.

This conversion to Gandhi's teaching occurred in Durban. There he heard how Gandhi, meditating in a Christian Church, was told to leave *because he was an Indian.*

"One challenge which I never really faced while I was in India," he wrote, "was Gandhi's philosophy of non-violent resistance, which was to mean so much to me in later years."

Twice that philosophy was to land Scott in gaol.

While he was convalescing in England from Crone's disease, World War II broke out. This brought a fresh challenge to his conscience. "The idea of becoming a chaplain," he explained, "in the armed forces, and exhorting others to fight, seemed wholly abhorrent."

He decided to enlist in the R.A.F. as a combatant.

In India Scott had been attracted to mysticism. Now, one of the "lowest

of all forms of animal life," an A.C. 2., he recalled a passage from the *Bhagavad-Gita*.

> Cast all thy acts on Me, with thy mind fixed on the indwelling Atman, and without any thought of fruit, or sense of "Mine." Shake off thy fever and fight Arjuna. Not seeking gain, Arjuna, there is a task of holiness to do. Unlike world-binding toil which bindeth not the faithful soul; such earthly duty do, free from desire, and thou shalt perform thy heavenly purpose.

A year later Scott was discharged, physically unfit.

Early in 1943 he returned, under medical advice, to South Africa. Perhaps it was from this point that the great work which lay ahead of him started. Ever since that time Scott has devoted his time, talents and energies to the betterment of the African people.

Almost at once Scott came up against the colour bar. Come upon while chatting with an African priest, he incurred the displeasure of a white senior mission priest.

There and then he decided that his place was with the Africans. He became assistant priest in the St. Alban's Coloured Mission, and chaplain to the Sisters and orphanage at St. Joseph's Home, Sophiatown, the shanty town outside Johannesburg.

In Sophiatown Scott saw what the colour bar meant in terms of human degradation and misery. "It," (the colour bar) "not only demoralizes both races, it sets up a chain reaction in ignorance, disease and hatred which must inevitably lead to an explosion if injustice remains irremediable by constitutional means."

Working with African trade unionists, Scott founded a Campaign for Right and Justice, and became at once a political factor in the South African scene.

The Manifesto, drafted by him, called for drastic measures against profiteering; full scale use of the industrial and human resources; social services for all of whatsoever race, colour or creed, and so on.

This effort towards justice for the African people was brought to naught by overwhelming political forces. This was a double blow to Scott. It made manifest the giant forces arraigned against him and those who felt like him; it revealed to him the negative attitude towards social justice of his own church. He felt himself to have been betrayed....

Gandhi, it is sometimes forgotten, spent many years in South Africa. As a barrister he had a large practice, but he was more preoccupied with Indian philosophy than with law, and was already preaching *Satyagraha*.

In 1946 an attempt was made by legislation to restrict the freedom of

the African Indian community in a very arbitrary way. Great indignation was felt among the Indian community, and it was decided to offer passive resistance by occupying a municipal site in the centre of Durban.

Scott, clad in his white cassock, took his place beside the Indian passive resisters. In the event he was arrested and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

He occupied this period in writing a memorandum on prison reform. Shortly after his release Scott was asked by a number of ex-service men to go to the newly-named shanty town, Tobruk, to expose the terrible conditions there. He went. He was then prosecuted for living in a Native Urban Area, but the case against him was dropped.

Tobruk was destroyed by crime and disease, and its inhabitants dispersed by a thousand police. An outbreak of smallpox had eventually forced the hand of the authorities.

Shortly after the Tobruk episode Scott was asked by a number of Africans to investigate the conditions of the farm labourers on the farms of the Bethal district of the Transvaal.

Here the compound system was in force and labourers worked under contract for set periods of time. Flogging was quite usual on many of the farms and cases had come before the courts where native labourers had been flogged to death "while attempting to escape."

Scott investigated the fact and wrote a memorandum. He then enlisted the co-operation of the editor of the *Rand Daily Mail,* and his memorandum duly appeared in that journal.

He was called on to withdraw his charges and he promptly refused. He was challenged to attend a meeting of the farmers of the Bethal district. He accepted it, but they shouted him down and made it necessary for the police to secure his personal safety. More than a year later conditions in the Bethal district remained as bad as ever. Scott, armed with the facts, approached the Minister of Justice. But nothing was done. As Scott observes in his autobiography, there is no end to this story.

In 1952 the magazine *Drum* investigated Bethal and revealed that the conditions there remained as bad as ever. And in 1956 Mr. Anthony Sampson wrote:—

> But the root of the trouble, the contract system, remained: and with it remained the abuses. In the next year, the usual court cases came up in Bethal. Two labourers were hung handcuffed from the ceiling as punishment; kicking, flogging and chaining continued without much change.

All this was, as it were, a preliminary skirmish by the frail little priest

against the giant forces of racial hate and discrimination. Soon Scott was to demonstrate to the world the power of faith in action, and in a way that has no parallel in our own time, and few in any other.

Shortly after the events related, an appeal was received by Scott from Frederick Maharera, the exiled Chief of the Hereros, of South West Africa.

For three years, Maharera told Scott, the leaders of the Hereros tribes in former German South West Africa had been refused permission by the South African Government to present a petition in Britain or the United Nations against the incorporation of their mandated territory into the Union of South Africa.

Here were virile African tribes despoiled of their lands, driven into inadequate reserves and deprived of their traditional way of life, cattle raising, while Boer farmers annexed their lands.

Scott determined to take up the cause of these people. He drafted a petition for them, and, after ten years of truly heroic endeavour, brought the matter before the United Nations.

Consider the circumstances. Scott had no money, no official status, no organization, no official backing or even blessing, and no recognition, no support, even from his own church.

Opposed to him he had a Government and a people implacably opposed to yielding an inch to the African tribesmen ; a government, as the United Nations was to recognize, arrogant and powerful and contemptuous of world opinion or the rulings of the International Court of Justice at the Hague — where the judgment was againt the Union Government.

After innumerable difficulties Scott managed to get to New York. He was penniless. With the help of a friend he managed to get to Lake Success, but the place appalled him. He wrote :—

> I felt, when I arrived, that the Organization was desperately needing some spiritual driving force.....I thought much of *satyagraha*....Love, creative purpose, self-sacrifice, non-violence — all these are bound up in the word....

By this time the cause of the Hereros had become for Scott the symbol of all landless and dispossessed people in the world.

For ten years he attended the U.N. on behalf of these unfortunates. The difficulties he encountered — and overcame — were great ; too great, indeed, to be supported by one lone fighter for justice.

Of this one-man campaign for the Hereros, Scott wrote in his autobiography, *A Time to Speak* :—

> So much seemed to depend, for these defenceless people, on the use of my time and energy in opposing the highly-organized political forces

> which strenuously opposed the just treatment of their case. The very fact that they [the Hereros] themselves had been prevented from coming to the U.N. and the whole past record of our white "civilization" in its dealings with them, spurred me on to attempt more than was possible with the limited mental and physical qualities at my command.

In 1950 Scott was made a prohibited immigrant, and a little later Central Africa was also closed to him.

This might well have seemed the final blow to most men, even of stout heart. But not to Scott. If he could not work for Africans in Africa he would work for them in England.

The result was the setting up in London of the Africa Bureau, an organization whose object is to make widely known the truth about the white man's treatment of his black brother in Africa, and to provide facilities for Africans coming to England to present their cases to all sections of the public....

Atlas, according to legend, carried the weight of the world on his shoulders. Well, a Titan may achieve that feat, but no one mortal man, howsoever dedicated and selfless.

It is inevitable that one should ask: Would Scott have achieved more had he attempted less?

However that may be, he stands out in an age of spiritual pygmies as a giant, demonstrating in action and by works the truth of his teaching, namely, that force operates in the spiritual sphere as effectively as it does on the material level.

Scott's influence in the world today is immeasurable.

In a world that puts its faith in force in its final form of the hydrogen bomb, it is Scott's adherence to the doctrine of non-violence that gives him the significance of a world figure.

GEORGE GODWIN

THE REALISM OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

[**Dr. S. N. L. Shrivastava, M.A., D.LITT.**, Head of the Department of Philosophy, Jabalpur University, outlined some general features of contemporary philosophy and some central contributions of two thinkers in our July issue. In this article he outlines the contribution of Bertrand Russell, and offers some interesting criticism of Russell's treatment of mysticism.— ED.]

A VERY prominent name in modern realism is Bertrand Russell. Russell has been considerably influenced by Moore. It is not possible, within the limits of this short essay, to give even the briefest summary of the many important doctrines associated with the name of Bertrand Russell, who is one of the most influential thinkers of the day and has had a following far beyond the borders of his own country. I can do no more than put down here in a few words the gist of the empirico-realistic theory which he has developed regarding the nature and reality of the external world by what he calls the "logical-analytic" method.

Russell is a robust realist who will not yield to any suggestion, coming from any quarter whatsoever (modern physics included), that would deny reality to the world perceived by our senses. He always holds suspect mysticism, which purports to deny the reality of the sense-world.

> The mystic [he writes], so long as he merely reports a positive revelation, cannot be refuted; but when he *denies* reality to objects of sense, he may be questioned as to what he means by "reality," and may be asked how their unreality follows from the supposed reality of his supersensible world.[1]

Even the discrepancy between the world-picture of modern physics and that of everyday sense-experience does not deter him from his robust realistic stand. To quote his words again: —

> The discrepancy between the world of physics and the world of sense ...will be found to be more apparent than real, and it will be shown that whatever there is reason to believe in physics can probably be interpreted consistently with the reality of sense-data.[2]

To understand Russell's theory of our knowledge of the external world, we start with the question: What do we directly perceive in the outer world? "Sense-data," is Russell's answer. There is another word which he uses: "*sensibilia*." Sense-data are not different from *sensibilia* except in this, that, while the former are *given* to a mind or consciousness, the latter

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[1] BERTRAND RUSSELL: *Our Knowledge of the External World*, p. 70.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 72.

are not. A sensible becomes a sense-datum by being *given* to a mind or consciousness:—

> I shall give the name *sensibilia* to those objects [says Russell] which have the same metaphysical and physical status as sense-data, without necessarily being data to any mind. Thus the relation of a *sensible* to a sense-datum is like that of a man to a husband: a man becomes a husband by entering into the relation of marriage, and similarly a *sensible* becomes a sense-datum by entering into the relation of acquaintance.[3]

The sense-data are physical in the sense of being the primary data physics has to deal with: they are not subjective or mental; but they are, as Russell says, "physiologically subjective," being causally dependent on the sense-organs, the nerves and the brain. Now, what is the relation of the sense-data to the thing? The thing is not a "substance" or a substratum underlying the sense-data. The thing is, Russell says—and here is his distinctive theory—a "logical construction" out of the appearances we call sense-data. The "thing" *inferred* as an entity apart from the class of its appearances was, according to Russell, an invention of prehistoric metaphysicians. The supreme maxim of his own scientific philosophizing is: "Whenever possible, logical constructions are to be substituted for inferred entities."[4] Another thing to be noted in this connection is that, though the sense-data are not mental, they do not persist unchanged after ceasing to be sense-data, and Russell sees no incompatibility between the two statements.

Now, Russell's realism is met with a challenge. If sense-data are all that we perceive and if they are not mental but physical, how is it that different people have different sense-data *in the same place*? A table, for example, placed in a room appears to one observer as having a rectangular surface and to another as having a surface with two obtuse angles and two acute angles, to one as brown and to another as white and shiny, and so on. Russell says that all these appearances are not "in the same place." They are in the *private spaces* of the different percipients.

> The question, therefore, of combining what we call different appearances of the same thing in the same place does not arise, and the fact that a given object appears to different spectators to have different shapes and colours affords no argument against the physical reality of all these shapes and colours.[5]

Each percipient carries his own private space with him, for he sees the

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[3] BERTRAND RUSSELL: *Mysticism and Logic*, pp. 148-49.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 155.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 159.

world from *his* point of view or perspective. The perspective spaces of different individuals are all different from one another, and each is, in relation to others, self-closed, like Leibnitz's monad, which has no windows that open outwards. The one all-embracing physical space in which the different perspective spaces are ordered is, according to Russell, different from them. It, again, is not a datum of experience but a logical construction. The one all-embracing time is also a logical construction.

A few words about Russell's attitude towards religion, and I shall have done with this outline of his thought. Here is a clear-cut and unambiguous statement by Russell on the subject:—

> I am myself a dissenter from all known religions, and I hope that every kind of religious belief will die out. I do not believe that, on balance, religious belief has been a force for good. Although I am prepared to admit that in certain times and places it has had some good effects, I regard it as belonging to the infancy of human reason, and to a stage of development which we are now outgrowing.[6]

Russell here is in line with what Freud has maintained in his *Future of an Illusion*. That in all institutional religions there are dogmas and superstitious beliefs which cannot stand the test of reason and science will be admitted by all thinking people. But is religion simply these and nothing more? Is there not a specific religious experience, *sui generis*, self-authenticated and veridical? What, in other words, can we say about the validity of mystical experience?

Russell has expressed his views on the matter in one of his well-known essays in *Mysticism and Logic*. Space will not permit me to deal with all the points he has discussed therein. I only wish to suggest here that what Russell takes to be the essential meaning of mysticism or mystical experience is far from being such. I quote some statements from the essay I mentioned to illustrate my point. Here is one: "Mysticism is, in essence, little more than a certain intensity and depth of feeling in regard to what is believed about the universe."[7] In another place he identifies it with a certain kind of "insight" which, though genuine, "untested and unsupported, is an insufficient guarantee of truth."[8] Intuition also is identified by Russell with a certain ordinary kind of insight, as the example given by him makes it clear:—

> Intuition is seen at its best where it is directly useful, for example in regard to other people's characters and dispositions .... Apart from self-knowledge, one of the most notable examples of intuition is the knowl-

[6] BERTRAND RUSSELL: *Sceptical Essays*, p. 147.
[7] BERTRAND RUSSELL: *Mysticism and Logic*, p. 3.
[8] *Ibid.*, p. 12.

> edge people believe themselves to possess of those with whom they are in love: the wall between different personalities seems to become transparent, and people think they see into another soul as into their own. Yet deception in such cases is constantly practised with success; and even where there is no intentional deception, experience gradually proves, as a rule, that the supposed insight was illusory, and that the slower, more groping methods of the intellect are in the long run more reliable."[9]

It is evident that Russell is talking of anything but mystical insight or intuition, properly so called. The mystical intuition, properly so called, is not only some sort of premonition or insight which may turn out to be true or false or may be required to be corroborated subsequently by reasoning, but is in itself, as the *Yôga-Sûtra* puts it, a *ṛtam-bharā prajnā* or "a truth-filled gnosis."

I cannot dwell here at length on the nature and grounds of validity of religious experience but I would simply content myself with remarking here in passing that any evaluation or criticism of religious experience which fails to take note of its specific—what Dr. Otto has happily styled its "numinous"—nature, is simply beside the point. Religious experience must be evaluated and interpreted in terms of categories peculiar to it, and anyone familiar with such an experience will readily agree with Dr. Otto that "'HOLINESS'—'the holy'—is a category of interpretation and valuation peculiar to the sphere of religion,"[10] and that there is an "'extra' in the meaning of 'holy' above and beyond the meaning of goodness"[11] (in the purely ethical sense of the term). Regarding this numinous experience, Otto has rightly observed:—

> This mental state is perfectly *sui generis* and irreducible to any other; and therefore, like every absolutely primary and elementary datum, while it admits of being discussed, it cannot strictly be defined. There is only one way to help another to an understanding of it. He must be guided and led on by consideration and discussion of the matter through the ways of his own mind, until he reach the point at which "the numinous" in him perforce begins to stir, to start into life and into consciousness.[12]

Again:—

> It issues from the deepest foundation of cognitive apprehension that the soul possesses and, though it of course comes into being in and amid the sensory data and empirical material of the natural world and cannot

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[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 15 and 16.
[10] RUDOLPH OTTO: *The Idea of the Holy* (Oxford), p. 5.
[11] *Ibid.*, p. 7.
[12] *Ibid.*, p. 7.

anticipate or dispense with those, yet it does not arise *out* of them, but only *by their means*. They are the incitement, the stimulus, and the "occasion" for the numinous experience to become astir, and, in so doing, to begin — at first with a naive immediacy of reaction — to be interfused and interwoven with the present world of sensuous experience, until becoming gradually purer, it disengages itself from this and takes its stand in absolute contrast to it.[13]

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

IT IS sufficiently clear that all things are changed, and nothing really perishes, and that the sum of matter remains absolutely the same.

— FRANCIS BACON

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 117.

A STUDY OF JAMES JOYCE

[**Mr. Howard Sergeant,** who has contributed before to our pages, here tells us something of the quality of the writings of James Joyce, a name famous in the literature of our time as the centre of a hot conflict of opinion, which is considered to have ended in Joyce's favour at least among the intellectuals. Mr. Sergeant brings out the sincerity of Joyce's intention to portray the human consciousness with complete realism; and no one who has studied him can doubt the formidable intellect and the prodigious ingenuity of technique of which he was master. But, having all respect for Joyce's integrity, one may find oneself disappointed. *Is* the picture Joyce draws realistic? He used the new discovery of his time, psychoanalytical theory, in his attempt to press his study of the human mind beyond the conscious to the subconscious. But is that all? Those of us who have found the testimony of sages to a supernal consciousness satisfying must consider it misleading to treat the sub-conscious as the reality of human nature. Some complete understanding of man, including all these levels, must be found; and one cannot help feeling that Joyce's great mental powers were after all too much impressed with the pictures of the dangerous "Hall of Learning"—the lower psychic atmosphere, and never quite came to the vision of the complete man.
—ED.]

WITH what have been described as his prose epic poems, *Ulysses* (1922) and *Finnegans Wake* (1939), James Joyce has exercised a remarkable influence upon modern poetry. In contrast to the innovators who have attempted to divorce words from their conventional meanings in order to exploit their sounds and associations, Joyce packed every word with as many meanings as possible, combining literary and mythological allusions with references to personal experience, archetypal symbols with puns and word-play, and visual impressions with verbal associations; telescoping words, sense and imagery to obtain his extraordinary effects. It is true he was not the originator of the "interior monologue,"[1] for which *Ulysses* is justly famed, but, taking advantage of modern psychoanalytical technique and knowledge, he was successful in developing it into a medium for conveying the mental processes of his characters with disconcerting realism.

For his purpose, Joyce abandoned normal grammatical usage, logical time sequence, and other conventions of prose to pin his specimens down for detailed examination and reveal their psychological make-up. The

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[1] Edouard Dujardin, one of the French Symbolists, had experimented with this device in his *Les Lauriers sont Coupés* (1887).

whole of *Ulysses* is confined to a period of about eighteen hours. Yet it is something more than an ultra-frank exposure of the sordidness of the motives often underlying ordinary human conduct. Though Joyce was ostensibly concerned with depicting a number of characters in a set of circumstances devised by himself, he aimed at, and succeeded in, reproducing the kind of mental activity which takes place below the level of consciousness. In other words, he provided a complete picture of life in the light of modern knowledge. Whether it is a pleasing picture or not—and many critics have complained that it lays undue emphasis upon certain elements of society—is beside the point; it does present both the internal and external reality of situations involved. That is what separates Joyce from such impressionists as Dorothy Richardson, who made use of the "stream of consciousness" technique in her novel, *Pointed Roofs* (1915), but failed to endow her principal character with life. I am not suggesting that we all think on the same level and in the same terms as Stephen Daedalus or the Blooms; but that in each one of us the same process of thought-formation is at work, taking its cues from the individual experience. Like the Symbolists before him, Joyce attempted to fuse several aspects of experience in his writing, but if he employed the Symbolist method, he combined it with a realistic approach to his subject. His characters, while possessing the attributes of symbols, have distinct personalities easily identifiable by the particular way they think, feel and react, and each chapter creates its own unique atmosphere.

The volume is based upon the adventures of Ulysses of the *Odyssey* and almost every incident, strangely varied to suit a modern city environment, is conceived as a parallel to some event in the Greek epic. For instance, the wandering Ulysses is represented by Leopold Bloom, a Dublin Jew in spiritual exile from his Penelope—that is, Molly, his wife—and the part of Telemachus is played by Stephen Daedalus, who finds in Bloom a father. Cyclops is depicted as a wordy Irish nationalist (the scene is laid in Dublin), the Syrens as a couple of barmaids singing at the Ormond Hotel; Circe keeps a brothel; and the descent into the Underworld has its counterpart in Bloom's attendance at a funeral which entails his going to the local cemetery. A long and exhaustive study will reveal other parallels, some of them much less obvious than others. Not content with such an elaborate structure, Joyce also imposed subsidiary patterns upon his material. In addition to making its special contribution to the development of the narrative, each section features both an art or science and an organ of the body (the whole volume completing the human form), to which there are numerous allusions and clues worked into the text. Moreover, Joyce

varied the style of writing in each chapter to fit the changing circumstances of the story as well as the symbols adopted, so that the over-all patterns are ingeniously interwoven.

Nevertheless, the ordinary reader may well be in sympathy with those critics who have complained that *Ulysses* is lacking in form, for the intricate systems to which the book is constructed are extremely difficult to follow in all their bewildering mass of detail, and the very effort to trace them distracts one's attention from the main theme. Yet some allowance must be made for the fact that Joyce was attempting to present the whole complexity of modern life as he saw it, in all its many facets and without over-simplification. And there can be no doubt that life itself is far more complex than it appears on the surface to us as we go about engrossed in our daily pursuits and occupations. Nor can there be any doubt as to the vitalizing effect of *Ulysses* upon English poetry.

If in *Ulysses,* in recording the kind of activity that goes on in the human mind, Joyce did what no other writer had done before him, in *Finnegans Wake,* which took him sixteen years to produce, he tried to delve still further into the unconscious. As a result, his writing became even more complicated and difficult to fathom in all its depths. For that reason alone it is extremely improbable that *Finnegans Wake* will ever be enjoyed by the general reading public; but the work of such poets as Dylan Thomas, George Barker, W. S. Graham and John Malcolm Brinnin, to name only four of the most obvious, bears testimony to the power of its technical influence upon the writers of a later generation. Whereas *Ulysses* is concerned with day-time experience, the whole of its successor, *Finnegans Wake,* is devoted to recording the dream experience of its sole character during the sleep of one night and, to obtain valid equivalents to the fantasy, incongruity and irrationality peculiar to dreams, Joyce has invented a special language for the purpose. It is a language based on free association of ideas and rich in symbols, both private and universal, and is compounded of allusions, puns, nursery rhymes, fragments of legend, stray figures of speech deftly turned and twisted, idioms and phrases gathered from a wide variety of sources and made to earn their keep in a surprisingly fresh manner, and words rearranged, distorted, telescoped and clamped together in new formations to give many shades of meaning and to evoke all kinds of memories:—

> It's that irrawaddyng I've stoke in my aars. It all but husheth the lethest zswound. Oronoko! What's your trouble? Is that the great Finn-leader himself in his joakimono on his statue riding the high horse there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is himself! Yonne there! Isset that?
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> On Fallareen Common? You're thinking of Astley's Amphitheayter where the bobby restrained you making sugarstuck pouts to the ghost-white horse of the Peppers. Throw the cobwebs from your eyes, woman, and spread your washing proper! It's well I know your sort of slop. Flap! Ireland sober is Ireland stiff. Lord help you, Maria, full of grease, the load is with me! Your prayers. I sonht zo! Madammangut! Were you lifting your elbow, tell us, glazy cheeks, in Conway's Carrigacurra canteen? Was I what, hobbledyhips? Flop! Your rere gait's creakorheuman bitts your butts disagrees. Amn't I up since the damp dawn, marthared mary allacook, with Corrigan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my pramaxle smashed, Alice Jane in decline and my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soaking and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a widow like me, for to deck my tennis champion son, the laundryman with the lavandier flannels?....

This extract is taken from the famous "Anna Livia Plurabelle" passage of Part I, in which two dream characters in the guise of washerwomen are gossiping on the bank of the Liffey while washing in public the dirty linen of the dreamer, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, and his wife, Anna Livia. Several critics have already commented upon the rhythmic ebb and flow of this section, how the women's voices gradually merge into that of the river as the scene fades out and how Joyce has contrived to associate the Liffey with other rivers—the Irrawaddy, the Stoke, Lethe, etc.—by his use of names in the compressed word-play of the dialogue. This is but one example of his technique. A detailed analysis of the same passage will reveal many other devices—the foreign words and phrases sandwiched into the text; the puns; the religious implications of phrases slightly changed to give an additional touch of meaning without losing the conventional usage; the historical and mythological references, *e.g.*, "Finnleader"—Finn MacCool, legendary hero of the Fianna of Erin, who learned his poetry and science from a Druid; "forehengist," "before Hengist"—Hengist and Horsa were the traditional leaders of the Jute invasion of England in the fifth century; the compound allusions (*e.g.*, "the ghostwhite horse of the Peppers"—the saxon White Horse of Berkshire and, as Mr. Padraic Colum has suggested, the circus act known as "Pepper's Ghost" as well as the Irish play entitled *The White Horse of the Peppers*); the purely musical effects; and so on. As Mallarme used sound to evoke the supra-rational, so Joyce used it in his own original manner to convey the fantasy-life of the subconscious.

For *Ulysses* he took his pattern from the *Odyssey*, but for the shapeless mass of material on which he was working in *Finnegans Wake* he needs something more flexible, and he found what he wanted in Giambattista

Vico's cyclical theory of history. It provided a means by which the dream experience of H. C. Earwicker (hence HCE, "Here Comes Everybody" or "Haveth Childers Everywhere") could be made to represent the experience both of the individual and of all men in the progression from the first effects of sleep, through the deeper levels of the unconscious, to the gradual return to wakefulness—or, alternatively, from birth to death and rebirth—at the same time as it provided a circular mythological pattern within the scope of which he could explore the collective region of the unconscious. Indeed, both HCE and Anna Livia Plurabelle assume archetypal proportions; and the book ends on a hopeful note with the first part of the broken sentence with which the opening chapter starts—thus completing the cycle as the morning light gently restores the sleeper to consciousness:—

> My great blue bedroom, the air so quiet scarce a cloud. In peace and silence. I could have stayed up there for always only. It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall.... My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lff! So soft this morning, ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair! If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousendsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the

Although, by the very nature of his aims and the excessive lengths to which he carried his experiments, James Joyce cut himself off from all but a small circle of readers, the efforts he made to relate both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* to a mythological pattern, or, in Eliot's words, to manipulate "a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity" show that he was fully aware of the modren poet's need of a comprehensive pattern of values.

HOWARD SERGEANT

THE NEED TO RETAIN ENGLISH IN INDIA

[On this important and topical problem **Shri A. Ranganathan** writes thoughtfully and in the perspective of similar questions at other times and in other places. — ED.]

IN an article on the Indian language issue, Dr. S. K. Chatterji, the eminent philologist, posed the following question: Why must we condemn our non-Hindi speaking children at school to waste for six or seven years a good deal of their precious time in trying to acquire a language which has no informative or formative value for them except to satisfy the supposedly patriotic cry of some Indian politicians for an Indian language, howsoever inadequate and howsoever difficult, as the "Official Language"? To understand the full significance of this problem, which affects us so vitally, we ought to view the problem in historical perspective as well as know something of the forces which led to the making of modern India.

It is seldom realized that language is not the only attribute of nationality despite several attempts to trace the so-called "essence of the nation" to its language. Weber wrote: "In nothing does the national character, the imprint of the mental and spiritual power of a people express itself so clearly as in its language." And Humboldt argued that "the true homeland is really the language," an approach reflected in the writings of some European representatives of nationalistic ideas like Schleiermacher, Fichte, Jahn, Mazzini, Piscane, Niemojowsky and many others. But in reality such a state of affairs never existed. The Normans who settled in Northern France in the ninth and tenth centuries had forgotten their language and spoke only French. Similarly, the Norman conquerors in England forgot their acquired French and took over the language of the conquered land. Although the Alsatian and the Corsican spoke German and Italian respectively, they belonged to the French nation. The people of Brazil speak the same language as the Portuguese; the people of the South Amercian States use Spanish. The Negroes of Haiti speak a corrupt dialect of French. Arabic is the *lingua franca* of all the lands of North Africa and Asia Minor. The United States of America speaks the same language as England. In Canada, French and English are spoken. And in Switzerland, four languages are used: German, Italian, French and Romansch. Again, Belgium speaks two languages, Flemish and French. And there are different linguistic groups in countries like Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria and Hungary. All these examples clearly show that the language areas do not coincide with the geographical frontiers of nations. Indeed, linguistic geography is not to be confused with the political geography of nations. Switching on

to India, one finds that the need to retain English as the official language arises not because we have no language of our own, but because we have fourteen national languages!

The impact of the English language on a less gifted people than the Indians might have resulted in a clash of cultures, but not so in the case of a people whose natural intellect had attained a high level of sensitivity and perception through the centuries. The English language has linked us with the developments in the various spheres of liberal arts, science and technology; it has also helped us to expand our intellectual horizons and opened the "magic casements" of the mind. And it has not only contributed to a new freedom of thought and speech, but also resulted in a deliverance from traditional conventions and beliefs. And it has brought about a revaluation of India's cultural heritage in terms of world thought. Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, in his *Hinduism and the West,* observes that this Western influence generated by the English language has "widened the horizon of the Indian mind, opened up fresh channels and given it a more universal direction." English is no longer the language of the British Isles, but the language of a new world culture, the medium of a new civilization in the building up of which modern India has played no mean part. Just as Sanskrit was the language of our traditional civilization which made us known in Kambuja, Champa, Java, Mongolia and Central Asia, the message of modern India has been heard the world over through English.

This is not a phenomenon peculiar to India. The growth of a bilingual Græco-Roman culture in the Mediterranean basin during the first three centuries of the Christian era is an instance in point. Again, Latin was used as a medium in mediæval and post-Renaissance Europe to facilitate the commerce of ideas in multilingual Europe. Some of the greatest European savants, like Huygens and Descartes, Spinoza and Leibnitz, wrote their famous treaties in Latin. Viewed historically, English has taken the place of Latin as the medium of communication in the modern age.

The present conflict regarding language is also no new phenomenon. As early as 1817 there was a battle royal between the liberals led by Raja Ram Mohan Roy and the obscurantists, leading to a triumph of the liberals in 1857, when the Madras, Bombay and Calcutta Universities were established. It is interesting to note, however, that a few Englishmen, led by Mr. Princep, were opposed to the introduction of the English system of education in India. The idea of imparting the Western system of education through the English medium was developed by Charles Grant (a distinguished servant of the company who won fame as a Member of Parliament in England) in a treatise published in 1792. In spite of the vigorous

pleas of Charles Grant in favour of the Western system of education, the Government of India appointed a committee in 1823 to report on the best means of encouraging education in India. The recommendation of the Committe led to the establishment of a Sanskrit College. This proposal drew a spirited protest in a memorable letter written by Ram Mohan Roy to Lord Amherst, who was then Governor General of India. And this letter to Lord Amherst formed the basis of Lord Macaulay's famous "Minute on Education" which cast the die in favour of the English system of education in India.

It would be interesting at this stage to deal with some of the objections which have been raised against the retention of English. The favourite argument is that Hindi is spoken by the majority. But it is overlooked that the 42 per cent of the people who speak Hindi in all its dialects are not evenly spread throughout India, but concentrated in a particular region. As Shri Rajagopalachari observed: "There cannot be a single national language for India. The time is past for the achievement of such an object. We are too many centuries too late for it."

Another objection is that English has stood in the way of the creative activity of the nation. The truth is that English has revitalized our languages. Tagore often said that he was inspired by the poetry of Shelley and Keats. The third objection is that English is "foreign" to us. This objection is more relative than real, and it loses its force entirely if the problem is viewed against the background of the evolution of modern India. During the nineteenth century, men like Dadhabhai Naoroji, Ranade and Romesh Dutt laid the economic foundations of our nationalism by writing books on aspects of the Indian economy in English. Our political literature was compiled in English by such leaders as Gokhale, Sastri, Gandhi and Nehru. The moving power of English oratory must be obvious to those who have heard the late Srinivasa Sastri and Sarojini Naidu, Gandhi and Nehru. No student of modern Indian history can fail to note that English has been and is still the vehicle of our creative scholarship and scientific research—the philosophical works of Sir B. N. Seal and Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, the historical writings of Sir Jadhunath Sarkar and the epoch-making mathematical and scientific contributions of Ramanujam, Sir J. C. Bose, Professor C. V. Raman and Dr. S. Chandrasekhar. And many of our finest minds have found in the English language a choice medium for the expression of the Indian spirit—Swami Vivekananda and Aurobindo, Coomaraswamy and Nehru, Radhakrishnan and Gandhi. And some have gone further in using English creatively—Henry Derozio, Toru Dutt, Man Mohan Ghosh, B. Rajan, young Dom Moraes, etc. The adoption of the

English language did not symbolize a process of cultural enslavement, but heralded a new era of creative consciousness.

The fourth objection is that the retention of English as our official language is not conducive to our sense of national pride. But it is forgotten that English was the language of Indian nationalism. The spirit of freedom which inspired the Indian leaders flowed from the fountainhead of English literature. And the spirit of liberty as an emancipating force may be seen in Henry Derozio, the distinguished poet of the nineteenth century, whose poems "India's Youth," "The Harp of India" and "To India—My Native Land," written in the rich idiom of the Romantic poets, voiced the earliest accents of Indian nationalist thought. It is also well to remember that the earlier generation of Indian nationalists, whether labelled as "extremist" or "moderate," were all convinced of the benefits of the English language. Even in 1916, Tilak had exhorted his countrymen not to forget that "it is the connection with England and the education she gave that have given rise to the ambitions that fill your hearts today." Similarly the liberal politician, Sir Surendranath Bannerji, had spoken of his indebtedness to such British thinkers as Burke, Froude, Lord Morley and others. In his own words:—

> I thus lived in constant association with the greatest masters of the English language and in close familiarity with their vocabulary and methods of thought and to none do I owe a greater debt than Edmund Burke whose political philosophy has so largely moulded my own views of government and society.

The fifth objection is that, as opposed to English, Hindi would make for identity between the language of the official world and that of the people. The "absence of contact" between the officials and the "masses" is really due to a state of bureaucratic self-consciousness; whether the official speaks Hindi or English or Tamil makes no difference.

The final objection we must consider is that the Constitution cannot be amended, since it would be an insult to the collective wisdom of our Constitution-makers. The force of this objection might have been greater if the Indian Constitution had not been amended till now, but it has been and for much less compelling reasons. "This question," observed Mr. Justice Medappa, "was the subject-matter of judicial discussion in the Bombay High Court in the Bombay school case, for it was shown that English is not a foreign language." And Shri Medappa opined that "the proposition, that English is a foreign language is legally untenable and constitutionally incorrect."

In a discussion of this problem, it is necessary to disentangle the idea of

"English education" from that omnibus expression known as "British rule in India." Dr. Chatterji has put himself on record in the Report of the Official Language Commission that

> the thread of our common Indian culture which is a historic thing and which is expressed through Sanskrit, to hold the people of India together as one nation can be strengthened (and this as a matter of fact has been strengthened) by the liberalizing force of English thought and culture in the present age through the international language.

English has been the language of our modern cultural renaissance and nationalism, scientific endeavour and academic scholarship, administration and diplomacy, courts and assemblies, the Commonwealth and a possible new world order based on liberty and democracy. And the adoption of English by various nations of different cultural backgrounds (India and the newly emerging Asian and African members of the Commonwealth) is perhaps the most effective guarantee of international peace and understanding.

A. RANGANATHAN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

TWO BOOKS ON BROWNING *

JUDGED by high critical standards, Browning yields priority to a number of English poets, but as a purveyor of human interest — the drama and humour of life, the heart's feelings and the brain's speculation, the pageant of the senses — he is the most exciting poet since Shakespeare, and no study of Browning that fails to communicate the excitement can be called adequate. Of the two books under consideration, the more recent one succeeds in a rather cautious way, but the other, massive achievement as it is, must, from this angle, be called a total failure; no age but the Victorian would have accepted it.

Sir Henry Jones, then Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow University, is driven by his academic obsession to approach Browning from the wrong direction. Premising dubiously that "we do well to seek philosophy in the poets" (p. 7), he goes on to enunciate the flagrant heresy that "it is better to read poetry for ethical doctrines than for fine sensation" (p. 8). Against this unattractive dictum we have only to quote Coleridge, great in criticism as in poetry: "A poem . . . proposes for its immediate object pleasure not truth" (*Biographia Literaria*).

Mr. Cohen, whose object is to write a short general introduction to Browning, starts with no such invalidating preconception. In fact he asserts bluntly (p. 6) that Browning was "not a philosopher." He conducts us expertly through the poet's life, taking the poems as they come and as representing the stage at which his mind had arrived. He justly sees the marriage with Elizabeth Barrett as the supreme experience of Browning's life and as exerting the most profound influence on his genius. Indeed his sense of the enrichment brought to Browning's poetry through the agency of married love leads Mr. Cohen to underestimate the brilliant achievement of the pre-marital years, whereas Professor Jones feels that "the stubborn difficulties of reflective thought" (p. 343) that came more and more to restrain his poetical freedom make the later work inferior.

For it is soon obvious that when Professeor Jones writes of Browning as "a philosophical and religious teacher" he does so in no spirit of blind acceptance. He devotes a great deal of space to disparagement of Browning's attitude to reason and knowledge. Browning, like all true poets, distrusted reason and put his faith in the intimations of the heart. His most brilliant flashes of truth came, as Professor Jones admits (p. 349), by intuition — what Wordsworth called "feeling intellect," an apprehension of the whole man. But Professor Jones was a believer in the absolute power of reason. His position was that of Hegelian idealism, which claimed that the world could only be explained as the manifestation of the rational principle. He was a disciple of Edward Caird, who taught that rationality is the ultimate standard of truth. But it is the way of the poets to antici-

* *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher*. By HENRY JONES. (James Maclehose and Sons. 1891); *Robert Browning*. By J. M. Cohen. (Men and Books. Longmans, Green and Co., London. viii + 198 pp. Illustrated. 1952. 6*s*.)

pate the philosophers, and Browning had perhaps already reached F. H. Bradley's position that reality was not subject to human reason. (Has not Bertrand Russell, that master of reason, recently disowned all his early theories, once so plausible?) In consequence, Jones is in a constant flurry of indignation against Browning's belittling of reason. Mr. Cohen's approach is more modest. He steadily elicits Browning's purpose of finding life's salvation in love and the creative power of the soul. Love is the guide, and joy the test of truth. Browning's "theories" were those of his characters: he himself was content to believe that life holds a secret to be divulged beyond the grave. Mr. Cohen sees Browning's uniqueness in the equipoise of thought, emotion and sensation that resulted in a splendid abundance of memorable poetry, more relevant to the contemporary scene than any abstract "meaning" that may be dug out of it.

When it comes to "religious" teaching, Browning gets as short shrift from Professor Jones as he did from Mrs. Sutherland Orr. His Christianity was sound but undogmatic — "home-made," they called it; hence, in spite of his steady faith in God as a working presence in life, to Professor Jones his philosophy "rests on agnosticism" (p. 342). It is true that Browning insisted on the value of doubt, but only because he saw it as an aid to belief — just as he conceived of virtue as achieved by struggle, by being "baffled to fight better." He did recognize Wordsworth's "glad hearts," for whom "joy is its own security," but Professor Jones says truly that "the hypothesis of the moral life as progressive is essential to Browning" (p. 268). Browning's attempt to justify the existence of evil is no more convincing than others, but Professor Jones approves of it, and himself even sees good in Guido's energy in crime (p. 113). He perhaps underestimates the extent to which mysticism entered into Browning's life (more than it did into his poetry); and he does not quite realize how temperamental the celebrated and admirable optimism was, so that in moments of distress, such as that which prompted *La Saisiaz,* it disappears altogether. But he is strong on Browning's unceasing emphasis on love both as the supreme attribute of God and the supreme necessity in the life of man. He declares that Browning gave "to love a moral significance . . . without example in any other poet." (p. 161)

This forceful and closely-reasoned series of arguments is illuminated by a comprehensive array of quotations, whose weakness is that they are allowed to represent Browning's own opinions even when emanating from characters so alien to their creator as Juan and Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau. But the perverse originating idea resulted in a treatise that makes heavy reading beside Mr. Cohen's less ambitious study. Professor Jones's concentration on the didactic side of Browning's poetry, its intellectual, not its æsthetic, content, means that he had to ignore both his superb narrative skill and the unique inspiration of "lyric love" that gave birth to the most enduring of his poems. And it leads him into positive error in his interpretation of Caponsacchi's last pitiful cry and Guido's final scream to Pompilia to save him from the axe. I find no "contrition" and "discontent" in the first, only the priest's agony at the sudden thought of Pompilia dying and himself helpless and alone; there is neither "light" nor "love" in the other: only desperate cringing terror. The desire to find ethical edification has blinded to dramatic truth.

Browning's "philosophy" is no set professional synthesis, but the immediate product of a series of recurrent insights into life. His poems are his philosophy, and if read with patient attention and pleasure will speak their

own message, which, as Mr. Cohen concludes, is of the richness and love and beauty of the world itself.

HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN

Buddhist Scriptures. Selected and translated by EDWARD CONZE. (Penguin Classics. Penguin books. Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England. (250 pp. 1959. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The Penguin editors may well congratulate themselves on this latest addition to their list. It is not just another anthology but a complete survey of Buddhism presented through extracts from all parts of the canon and even beyond it. The reader is taken from history up the three great steps of the Dharma — Morality, Meditation, Wisdom — and to "Doctrinal Formulas" and "Doctrinal Disputes," and at the end he is offered a glimpse into the future of mankind. Frequently we are presented with an entirely new translation, full of freshness and vigour that is inspiring, far removed from the old thee's and thou's used to give a quasi-religious atmosphere. Under "Morality" is included part of the discipline for monks, which may be new to many readers. The chapter on "Meditation" comprises extracts from Ashvaghosha, an outstanding inclusion, and Buddhaghosha, and it finally touches on the Zen methods. Under "Doctrinal Formulas" the newcomer is introduced to the Triple Gem and the meaning of Taking Refuge, and also to what to him will be a new metaphysics, while the following chapter on "Doctrinal Disputes" shows how the different *Yanas* developed out of each other. Many extracts will come as unusual even to the learned reader, and the whole is stimulating and novel.

In the Introduction Dr. Conze states bluntly that he has made no effort to pander to Western incredulity. The reader must take it or leave it or sift it for himself. He has certainly built up a valuable work for all, whether they are interested in Buddhism or not. This book should be a "must" for the shelves of any thoughtful reader.

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

Studies in the Middle Way: Being Thoughts on Buddhism Applied. By CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS. (Published for the Buddhist Society by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 169 pp. 1959. 15 *s.*)

These essays — dedicated to H. P. Blavatsky, "who once more held the Light aloft that all with open eyes might see" — were well worth reprinting. Originally published in book form in 1940, they comprise articles from various Buddhist, Theosophical and religious magazines, and are now issued again for the third time, with six new chapters and new poems.

They embody Christmas Humphreys' clarity of expression and lively yet balanced thought. He has written them, he says, from his own experience; but he draws also on a rich storehouse of reading, with so spontaneous a use of other men's thoughts and sayings that they appear not as quotations stuck on to the subject-matter, but as assimilated into the very fabric, giving richness to the whole. There are now seventeen essays with titles as various as "The River of Becoming," "Self as the Lord of Self," "In Praise of Pain," "Bhavana — Self-Enlightenment," "Theravada and Zen," "Buddhism and Psychology" — to name a few. The last essay is "Theosophy and Buddhism," for he holds both of these as not sectarian in reality, but as expositions of the same eternal Doctrine of the Masters of Wisdom. The pervad-

ing tone may be epitomized by his final paragraph:—

> Theosophy, then, is the accumulated Wisdom of mankind. Of those who have attained the enlightenment from which it flows the Buddha was and is the Master of Masters. His own message to mankind was of the Way which leads to the Enlightenment which is the birthright of each living thing. Let us study that Wisdom and add to it by treading that Way.

W. E. WHITEMAN

Flight and Pursuit: A Venture into Autobiography. By STUART HOLROYD. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 237 pp. 1959. 21*s*.)

Stuart Holroyd belongs to that group of writers who have become known to the public as the "Angry Young Men." This soubriquet has been of great service to them but now it is time that it were dropped; for, with the single notable exception of a playwright who is still a prey to inner frustration and hatred, they are all emerging from their youthful trials and difficulties. This means that they are writing in positive terms instead of in entirely negative tones of anger and despair. This is particularly true of Stuart Holroyd and Colin Wilson, the author of *The Outsider*, who have both written books on religion.

Stuart Holroyd calls his new book "A Venture into Autobiography." It is an account of his solitary wanderings in the wastelands of materialism and frustration and of his eventual acceptance of religion — in the broader sense of that word — as the right remedy for his difficulties. His account of the changes in his concept of God brought about at different stages of his spiritual journey should be of great interest, not only to his own generation but to older people as well. Most of us can remember the difficulty which occurred at a certain period of our lives of accepting any longer the picture of the Divine Being which Blake calls "old Nobodaddy aloft." We may also be able to recall the relief with which we disposed of this unsatisfactory caricature of the Divine Mind and accepted a concept of God less distasteful to our intelligence. Stuart Holroyd's book describes his efforts as a young man to find a more satisfactory conception of the Divine Being. He eventually found refuge in the idea of the self-God ("God is within me") but the world

> would not for long allow me to entertain my fantasies of greatness without putting them to the test. And when they were put to the test, my resources proved pathetically small in relation to my aspiration. Emerging from the secure world of my fancy into the real world, I felt lost.

Yes, this is a book packed with thought, good sense and feeling, a book which will revive amongst maturer readers memories of old doubts, despair, new hopes and, perhaps in the end, memories of the recovery of religious beliefs in a new form. It is a book which should also prove particularly helpful to those who are still struggling with the intellectual difficulties which Stuart Holroyd describes so vividly in his *Venture into Autobiography*.

KENNETH WALKER

Idealism: A New Defence and a New Application. By GOVINDA CHANDRA DEV. (Dacca University. 196 pp. 1958. Rs. 4.00)

Idealism, as a system of philosophy, one thought, had been played out. I was therefore intrigued by the title which promised a new defence of the system. After all, this way of thinking is one of the persistent tendencies in philosophy and I was anxious to find out how it was making a fresh appearance.

In the first chapter the author traces the attempts at synthesis made in the past by philosophers, Eastern and Western, and urges the necessity of carrying this movement further in a threefold way. The philosophy of the future, as he says, will be characterized by a threefold merger: (*a*) the merger of intellect and intuition, and through that, of science and religion; (*b*) the merger of matter and spirit, *i.e.*, of what are ordinarily called materialism and spiritualism, in a more fundamental scheme of reality; and, lastly, (*c*) the merger of the materialist and spiritualist attitudes to life, which are often enough at loggerheads with each other (p. 17).

What is interesting is that after rejecting all previous efforts made in this direction, the author finds the synthesis possible only by an appeal to æsthetic imagination. He has recourse to the terrible image of Kali on the breast of motionless Shiva to represent the unity of the creative force riddled with contradictions and the transcendent Divine. Quite unreservedly, the author says:—

> I firmly believe that by an effective appeal to æsthetic imagination, the obvious gap between the pure identity of intuition and the pure process of sense can really be filled up. . . .

Then follow the applications — idealism as a universal gospel, idealism as a basis and motive of activism and, lastly, idealism as the final phase of synthetic philosophy. Traces of idealism are somehow discovered in the most unexpected quarters — I deliberately refrain from giving examples — this being made possible at least in part by the ambiguous definition of idealism (see Glossary, p. 188). Not all idealists need accept a universal mind. But such remarks, I frankly admit, are beside the point, for the real value of the book lies not in offering a rational justification of a system of philosophy but in loudly and courageously voicing a faith that seeks its support in practical and moral necessity.

A. K. JIANDANI

Physics and Philosophy: The Revolution in Modern Science. By WERNER HEISENBERG. (World Perspectives. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 176 pp. 1959. 15*s*.)

From pellet to electron: this change in the meaning of "particle" runs parallel to changes in physics. Daltonian atoms had mass. Since, according to the theory of relativity, mass and energy are essentially the same concept, Heisenberg notes, "all elementary particles" may be said to "consist of energy." Since energy is conserved it can be regarded "as the primary substance of the world." The materialistic atoms are indestructible; swiftly colliding elementary particles may transform into a new set. Modern Quantum Theory will represent these particles by mathematical forms as solutions of an "eternal law of motion for matter."

This eternal law is not yet known, but the goal seems to be in the offing. A cold douche arrives when mathematics is said to involve contradictory concepts, such as infinity.

Heisenberg, utilizing the history of science from ancient philosophies until now, presents a panorama of scientific concepts constantly changing. The slaughter is not wholesale. Experiments are still described in "classical concepts." The three "universal constants" are the presumptive "universal length" of about 10-13 cm., Planck's quantum of action and the velocity of light. When this velocity can be regarded as infinite the classical concepts apply. Otherwise the time interval between past and present depends on the observer's distance away.

Nuclear weapons claim mention in surveys of science. Heisenberg discus-

ses the relations of physics to politics, religion, biology and psychology.

Experimental checks on mathematical deductions involve interactions between measuring devices and the world, with various consequences. Natural science, Heisenberg says, is not interested in the *whole* universe. To know why an a-particle issued when it did requires an impossible knowledge of the microscopic structure of *all* the world. Astronomy does suggest a beginning for the universe.

A century ago the Quantum Theory was unforseeable. The reader may suspect an inability to foresee the scientific concepts of 2000 A.D.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

Across the Night: Adventures in the Supranormal. By J. E. JACOBY. (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 110 pp. 1958. $ 3.75)

"Out-of-the-body experiences," as they have been styled, have assumed an increasing importance for speculation on human destiny. Distinguished philosophers like W. E. Hocking and C. J. Ducasse have stressed their strategic metaphysical import.

Mr. Jacoby had the unusual experience of being in "Hades," cut off from the Land of the Living. He "saw" a friend, who had died recently and who had been something of a Laodicean in his terrene life, moving about in a dark and forbidding silence. He glimpsed, too, his "Godmother." The loves he had repulsed in his life came back to him accusingly.

On being confronted by such experiences, the Freudian, the Jungian and the parapsychologist may all have a great deal to say. Mr. Jacoby's attitude to them is benign and irenical; but he prefers to draw upon the rich resources of Occidental and Oriental mysticism in groping after the inner meaning of his strange experience. He seeks to glean wisdom from the metaphysical poets, Donne and Traherne. Perhaps he is wise. Certainly Eckhart's "Ground" (*der Grunt*), "Little Castle" (*bürgelin*) and "Spark of the soul" (*das Fünkelin der Sêle*) merit study in the newer climate of modern speculation. Mr. Jacoby is right when he observes that Pascal's *"Joie! joie! joie! pleurs de joie!"* is in odd contrast with the lucidity of *Pensées* and the glitter of *Provinciales*.

One has the uneasy feeling, though, that Mr. Jacoby relies far too much on interpreters of Juan de la Cruz like Baruzi. Juan frowned at the supernormal; he refused to have anything to do with the celebrated Dominican Stigmatic. Mr. Jacoby is often in the trackless woods with no sign-posts and guides. He confesses to have sensed, in his nightly meditations, that "frightful adversary," Satan. The line between symbol and fact is notoriously hard to draw in much mysticism. Mr. Jacoby has done well to underline the need for a fresh study of mysticism which would use modern scientific wisdom without being shackled by it.

C. T. K. CHARI

The India of Yesterday. By SYED MAHMUD. (Institute of Indo-Middle-East Cultural Studies, Hyderabad. 185 pp. 1958. Rs. 3.00)

This is a rendering into English of a work in Urdu by the author, formerly Minister in the Ministry of External Affairs, India, entitled *Ajse Qabal ka Hindustan*, written in jail at Buxor in 1922. The work first appeared in the following year in the columns of the *Kilafat* of Bombay and was issued as a

book in 1950 by the Nizami Press, Badayun. This edition provides references to original sources in a fifteen-page supplement.

The work consists of a series of discourses on the history of mediæval India purported to have been delivered by a senior student of the M.A.O. College, Aligarh, to his junior comrades drawn from the different communities of India, and is profusely interspersed by questions and answers. The aim of the work is to restore the perspective in Indian history wilfully disturbed by interested British historians. Attention is particularly concentrated on the forces which were at work in the past to promote happy relations between the Hindu and Muslim sections of the Indian people and to effect that cultural synthesis in the land which came to be known as the "Hindustani way," as the Emperor Babar styled it.

In the pursuit of this purpose, the author engages the discourser to survey the entire field of India's mediæval past right up to the fall of Tippu Sultan, who has come to be hailed as a pioneer martyr in India's struggle for freedom. How cordial relations between the Hindus and Muslims were is reinforced by a passage from Dr. Rajendra prasad's autobiography quoted in the Foreword to the volume by Dr. Nazir Yar Jung, a retired Judge of the Hyderabad High Court, wherein the President of India refers in tender terms to the very first scene in his educational career, recalling to mind the reverential ceremonial held by his parents in which a Moulvi initiated the child in the art of reading, calling upon him the blessings of God, followed by the distribution of sweets all round. The regret of the discourse is that the foreign rule in the land which prevailed here over a century was in no small measure responsible for the tensions which have marred at times the recent history of the country. The appeal of the work is to restore the perspective and maintain it in the days to come. The translation into English was done by the late Syed Asadullah, a member of the Institute and the translator of the *Gita and the Quran* by Pandit Sunder Lal, another work issued by the Institute.

MIR VALIUDDIN

India in the Commonwealth: A Political and Constitutional Survey. (Asia Book Centre, Delhi. 70 pp. 1959. Rs. 3.00; 5 *s.*; $1.00)

In this tract of seventy pages, the author has made an attempt to explain historically that the sovereign position of India is not impaired in any way by membership in the Commonwealth of Nations. The Commonwealth of Nations is a novel experiment, multi-racial and multi-lingual, holding together communities of diverse cultures and civilizations, with common institutions and old associations to strengthen it as well as racial strife and ideological conflicts menacing to break it.

> It is neither a super-state [concludes the author] nor an organization known to International Law nor is it a Federation, nor even a Confederation. It is a free association of free nations, a political arrangement unknown to [the] past, holding a great promise for the future.

The basic stuff of this organism is practical co-operation and mutual aid. The Crown has served in its history and evolution as the symbol of commonwealth unity. But the allegiance of India to the Crown would have involved at least a theoretical subordination to something external to India. To obviate this difficulty, a Declaration of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers suggested her acceptance of the King as the symbolic Head of the Commonwealth.

There should be some real moral and spiritual purpose uniting the Commonwealth, and not merely arrangement for mutual convenience, devoid of any

spiritual content. One feels that the author could have developed the subject further along this line.

This book exhibits throughout a scientific training in investigation and an impartial statement of the case for India's place in the Commonwealth of Nations. The expression of thought is vigorous, although there is in general a far higher proportion of confident statement than of argument. The author is obviously interested, above all things, in the Commonwealth of Nations.

M. V. KRISHNA RAO

Bhalan: Ek Adhyayan. By KESHAVARAM K. SHASTRI. Gujarati. (Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda. 186 pp. 1958. Rs. 4.75)

Professor Keshavaram K. Shastri is a well-known scholar in the field of research in the lives and times of poets of Old Gujarati. He has published much valuable work dealing with this subject. The present volume is an important addition.

Bhalan, a poet who is supposed to have written during the sixteenth century, is a well-known name in the early Gujarati literature. He is said to be the initiator of the *Akhyana* type of poetry in Gujarati, which found its best exponent in the great poet Premanand. Bhalan has also recreated in Gujarati verse the great Sanskrit poem in prose — Bana's *Kadambari*. The work in Gujarati is so full of beauty of its own that it can rightly be called a re-creation rather than an abridged translation or adaptation. From his works he appears to have been a great devotee of Rama, a great Sanskrit scholar and a fascinating personality.

The lives of these old poets, their exact dates and many other things connected with them are often enveloped in obscurity. There is no reliable record dealing historically with all these events. It is difficult, therefore, to try to determine their time and the events of their lives with anything like a certainty. There is much speculation involved and scholars have at times helped to make confusion worse confounded with speculations based on half-ascertained facts.

It speaks much, therefore, for the industry, insight and scholarly ability of Professor Shastri that he has tried successfully to establish a chronology of the life, time and work of this great Gujarati poet. He has once and for all given conclusive proof about the creative period of Bhalan's life, and proposed a tenable sequence to his various works. One may have his own opinion about the poetical value of Bhalan, and that opinion may be a little different from Professor Shastri's but that does not take away from the value of the scholarly attempt made here. The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda deserves the thanks of all students for bringing out this useful volume.

GULABDAS BROKER

The Great Idol of Tiahuanaco: An Interpretation in the Light of the Hoerbiger Theory of the Satellites of the Glyphs Carved on its Surface. By H. S. BELLAMY and P. ALLAN. (Faber and Faber, London. 192 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 36*s*.)

The Great Idol was excavated in Bolivia in 1932 by the archæologists Bennett and Phillips acting for the American Museum of Natural History. It represents Pachamama, the Earth Mother. Although it is 24 feet 4 inches high and weighs about 20 tons, it was cut from a single piece of red sandstone. It was so carefully cleaned and

its friable surface so skilfully treated by Professor Posnansky on the site, that the details of over 1,000 hieroglyphs engraved on it remained largely intact and were able to be photographed. After studying these symbols, Posnansky came to the conclusion that the idol was approximately 17,000 years old.

In 1913, Hoerbiger, a Viennese mining engineer, published his Cosmic Ice theory. According to this, space is filled with rarefied hydrogen which offers sufficient resistance to planets and moons to cause them to gradually approach the central body. Occasionally small planets on their inward journey get captured by larger ones and become moons, which gradually approach their planet. When the moon previous to our present one got near enough to the Earth it disintegrated, causing terrible cataclysms of which the racial memory is preserved in myths. Similar cataclysms attended the capture of our present moon some 12,000 years ago.

It is on the basis of this theory that H. S. Bellamy and P. Allan have attempted to interpret the hieroglyphs on the idol. According to their reading, the symbols show that when the idol was engraved the moon previous to our present one made 419 revolutions in a year of just under 288 days.

If one accepts Hoerbiger's theory, their interpretation is tenable, but if, as astronomers do, one rejects the theory then one must consider that the authors have failed to make out their case.

C. A. WINYARD

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, July 27, 1959

THERE has been a very remarkable happening in London in the past few weeks. A German named Podola was arrested as the murderer of Detective Police Sergeant Purdy. After seven or eight hours' interrogation at the Chelsea Police Station, he was removed to St. Stephen's Hospital, and it was announced that he had been taken there for observation about his mental condition, but such a procedure should have followed his production before a magistrate. Soon the public learnt that he was being treated there for bodily injuries, and very dark suspicions filled the minds of the public that he had been beaten by the police after his arrest.

There is one thing that the British people thoroughly understand. That is the right of *Habeas Corpus,* under which anyone arrested by the police must be placed before a magistrate and formally charged with an offence within twenty-four hours. The right of *Habeas Corpus* does not exist in France, where the police can arrest any one and keep him in custody for months without so much as informing him why he is being held.

But within a few days of the arrest of Podola a group of business men in the City instructed a solicitor to act on his behalf, although they knew nothing about the man, except that he is a German and that he is charged with the murder of a policeman. Now, these people certainly had no feeling against the police, and they undoubtedly share the feelings of every one else when a policeman loses his life in the performance of his duty.

The fact that Podola is a German made no difference to them. That is a very noteworthy thing. A nation only honours itself by such an exhibition of justice and fairness to former enemies. It may, however, be taken for granted that the business men were not

concerned with the question of Podola's racial origin. What they were concerned about was the principle. This is the land of precedent and tradition. Any violation of the right of *Habeas Corpus* could form a precedent to be followed by a further deviation.

If the public is critical of the use by the Police of their powers, they are also concerned to preserve the rights of the Police in the discharge of their duties. The wave of public indignation over the suspension of the Chief Constable of Nottingham by the Watch Committee of the Borough Council shows that the public appreciates the importance of preserving intact the powers of public officials. It is the Watch Committee of a Borough Council which supervises the Police. Every urban police force is an independent unit. But the Chief Constable is an autonomous functionary, and the Watch Committee have no right to question what he does or does not do. Captain Popkess, the Chief Constable, was suspended because he refused to disclose to the local Town Clerk or the Watch Committee certain information which Scotland Yard had been investigating. The members of the Watch Committee belong to the Labour Party and the suspension of the Chief Constable has given a good opportunity to the local Conservatives to discredit the Labour Party itself over *l'affaire* Popkess.

These two episodes — the cases of Podola and Captain Popkess — reveal the best side of British society, but simultaneously with them have come to light two matters which show that Colonialism is not dead yet, and that the policy of Conservative British Governments in regard to the Colonies is still the policy of trusting the man on the spot.

Not since the Hunter Commission's Report on the massacre in Jallianwala Baug, Amritsar, in 1919 has public opinion in this country been more excited over anything which has happened in a British territory overseas than it has been by the Devlin Report. The description of Nyasaland now as "a police state" has stung people sharply. So much has been said about police states in the Communist countries from Poland to the Peoples' Republic of China that the words have required no amplification to conjure up in the minds of the public a very dreadful state of affairs.

The Times began its leader, commenting on the Devlin Report, as follows:—

> The first thought that occurs on reading the 146 pages of the Devlin Report is whether there is any practical value in sending out to Africa commissions of this kind.

Certainly, no purpose is served so far as the effect it may produce upon a Conservative Government. Mr. Harold Macmillan and his colleagues unflinchingly support the Governor of Nyasaland in opposition to the Devlin Commission. The Government tabled a motion in the House of Commons, which, while accepting everything in the report that in any way extenuates the action taken by the Governor, wholly ignored or rejected the criticisms. That resolution was a mockery of the Commission of Inquiry. It showed that the Conservative Government of today is in no way different from any Conservative Government in the past two or three hundred years in handling colonial matters.

The attitude of the British Government over the disclosures of the killing of eleven Mau Mau detainees at the Hola Camp is exactly the same.

But here again there are some vestiges of British ideas of justice and decency manifesting themselves. Indeed, there is a public reaction against the events of March last at the Hola Camp and in Nyasaland — it is a remarkable coincidence that both tragedies occurred

on the same day — which has all the potentialities of becoming a very extensive and powerful movement. Very large numbers of people in all classes of the community have been revolted by the tragedies.

Some idea of the public reaction may be formed by the fact that the Government Stationery Office in London within a few days sold out the first edition of 5,000 copies of the Devlin Report and that a new edition had been ordered, and that the Sunday *Observer* devoted nine whole pages in a reduced paper (owing to the printing strike) to the publication of nearly one-third of the actual text of the report. *The Observer* roundly condemned the conduct of the Governor of Nyasaland, while *The Sunday Times*, as usual, supported the British Cabinet's support of the Governor of Nyasaland.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** tells us this month of the appraisal of their own cultural characteristics by Negro intellectuals, and quotes some penetrating comments on cultural interchange. One of the most hopeful signs in our world is the active conscience of intellectuals towards the Negroes.—ED.]

I WELCOMED the opportunity of meeting several Negro writers who reside in Paris and have been bringing out a bimonthly journal known as *Présence Africaine*. Most of those I met — Shekh Anta Diop, Madame Diop and Jacques Rabemanjara in particular — have been educated in France and use the French language with skill and mastery. With the support of many French intellectuals — Jean-Paul Sartre and André Philip among them — a small group of Negro writers have, at the price of a thousand sacrifices, kept alive this journal for over twelve years.

Présence Africaine has organized two conferences of Negro artists and writers. The first was held in Paris in 1956 and the second in Rome in April 1959. The first conference dealt with the crisis of Negro culture and the second with cultural unity and solidarity. As a result the Society of African Culture has now come into existence.

I had a long talk with Rabemanjara, poet and patriot, a man of singular warmth and charm whose rich melodious speech proclaimed an orator. One thing, above all, preoccupies Rabemanjara's mind: that all cultural originalities should be within everyone's reach. For can the culture of the future be anything other than the quintessence of all cultures? Are we not always forgetting the contributions of other peoples — the tireless pursuit of what Rabemanjara calls "Fihavanana," which is a reminder to all human beings of the imperative moral obligation of regarding their neighbours, whatever their origin, as kinsmen and brothers, as partners in the exchange of gifts and ideas, as companions in conversation? Has not Negro culture enriched us by its art, sculpture, poetry, folk songs, spirituals, ballet and music? There is indeed something deeply touching and tender in this song of a Negro poet:—

> The ones, who did not invent gunpowder or the compass
> the ones who never learned to harness steam or electricity
> the ones who did not explore the seas or the sky
> but the ones without whom the earth would not be the earth
> the outcrop whose virtue grows as

earth abandons earth
the silo where all of earth that is most earth is preserved and ripened
my Negroness is not a stone, its deafness hurled against the clamour of the day
it plunges in the red flesh of the earth
it plunges in the ardent flesh of the sun
it pierces through the opaque overwhelming of its own patience
Hail to the ones who have never invented anything
to the ones who have never explored anything
to the ones who have never harnessed anything
but the ones who give themselves up, knowing the essence of all things
ignorant of the surface but knowing the movement of all things
careless to tame, yet playing out the world's game
the true eldest sons of the world
the fathomless bed of all the waters in the world
the spark of the world's sacred fire
flesh of the world's flesh, palpitating with the very movement of the world
Blood! blood! all our blood mowed by the male heart of the sun
we who know the womanhood of the moon, her body gleaming with oil,
the antelope and the star reconciled in exaltation
we whose survival makes its way from the seed-time of all green things.
Hail to the perfect circle of the world and ultimate concord.

I think the poet Leopold Sador Lenghor best interprets the Negro soul. What affects the Negro, he says, is not so much the appearance of an object as its reality, not so much its form as its meaning. Water moves him because it flows, fluid and blue; because it cleanses; above all, because it purifies. Emphasis is laid on the meaning, which is the signification of the real, no longer utilitarian, but moral and mystic, a symbol. The African Negro recognizes the world, not as the European does through the reproduction of the object, but visually through image and rhythm. Image and rhythm are the fundamental features of Negro style. The object signifies what it suggests and creates. To the Negro the elephant is strength; the spider, prudence; horns are the moon; and the moon, fertility. Every representation is an image, and the image is not an equation but a symbol, an ideograph. And rhythm is the architecture of the being, the eternal dynamism which gives him form, the system of waves he emits to others, the pure expression of vital force. It is the vibratory shock, the force which through the senses seizes the Negro at the very root of his being. Even in African paintings the sense of rhythm is particularly marked. It is not shown by light and shade effects; it is not arabesque as in classical European paintings. African Negroes paint in flat colours, without shadow effects. Rhythm is born of the repetition of a line, a colour, a figure, a geometric form, but, above all, from the colour contrast. As Senghor says:—

The Negro does not realize what he thinks: he feels that he feels, he feels his existence, he feels himself; and because he feels the other, he is drawn towards the other, into the rhythm of the other, to be re-born in knowledge of the world.

Thus "the act of knowledge is an agreement of conciliation" with the world, the simultaneous consciousness and creation of the world in its indivisible unity. It is the urge of vital force which is expressed by the religious and social life of the African Negro, of which art and literature are the most effective instruments. And the poet Aimé Césaire makes this salutation: "Hail to the perfect circle of the world and ultimate concord!"

Ben Enwonwre, the Nigerian artist, says that the two-way traffic between African and Western cultures does not really exist; for, while the influence of African art on European æsthetic traditions has revitalized the decadent art-forms, the influence of Western ideas, technology and education has not proved

the best means of keeping alive the native genius of the African peoples. Borrowing is good if it is counterbalanced by an inner state of mind which assimilates, so that both become one. Then, to use Hegel's words,

> the mechanical process becomes an interior process by which the individual takes possession of the object in such a way as to strip it of the separate identity, transform it into a means and impart to it the substance of his own personality.

A lack of integration results in a cultural mosaic so that cultural features are juxtaposed but not harmonized. Aimé Césarie's quotation from Nietzsche is most relevant:—

> Culture is above all a unity of artistic style in all the vital manifestations of a people. To know many things and to have learnt much are not an essential step towards culture nor a sign of culture and could go hand in hand with the opposite of culture, namely barbarism, which *implies a lack of style or a chaotic mixture of styles.*

Thus in colonial countries the harmonious synthesis of the indigenous culture has been destroyed and replaced by a heterogeneous mixture of features taken from different countries, jostling one another but not harmonizing. This becomes barbarism through cultural anarchy. Krocber, the American anthropologist, has put it well:—

> It is as though a rabbit could be grafted with the digestive organs of a sheep, the respiratory gills of a fish, the claws and teeth of a cat, a few tentacles of an octopus, a further assortment of foreign organs borrowed from other representatives of the animal kingdom, and could not only survive but reproduce itself and prosper. Organically, this is obviously an impossibility but in the realm of culture it is a very close approximation to what actually takes place.

Aimé Césaire believes that once the external obstacles have been overcome our particular cultures contain within them enough strength, enough vitality, enough regenerative power, to adapt themselves to the conditions of the modern world and that they will prove able to provide for all political, social, economic or cultural problems, valid and fundamental solutions because they are original. So he sings:—

> You know well
> all that I want
> is that universal hunger
> and universal thirst
> free at last, should be summoned
> to give from their secret recess
> the fruit of succulence.

As some members of the Conference regretted that women were not represented at the meeting, I cannot help quoting part of the message sent by a group of Negro women to the First Congress of Negro artists and writers:—

> A legend persists that the Negro woman is but a slave to her husband and children. A very slight knowledge of our society is enough to demonstrate the falsity of this assertion.
>
> The Negro woman assumes within the bosom of her family a moral leadership which it would be wrong to neglect at a time when the Negro world is making a revaluation of its culture.
>
> No one gathered here will deny the important part which the Negro woman has played in man's education. Can you cite a single Negro man of culture who has not in his writings exalted the Negro woman, the Mother?

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Dr. C. D. Deshmukh, Chairman of the University Grants Commission, reviewed the working of democracy in India since independence in the Sastri Memorial Lectures delivered in July under the auspices of the Madras University. Defining the Indian set-up as a liberal adaptation from the Western or parliamentary form of democracy, he dealt at great length with its dangers of the mechanization of the individual and the infusion of a materialistic outlook. He said (as reported in *The Hindu*):—

> Even in advanced countries, man in the mass, who wielded the power of the franchise, has necessarily a fairly low common denominator of culture, intelligence, education and mental concentration. The real microscopic minority of the intellectuals, *i.e.*, the cultured and educated who worried on account of others, are cold-shouldered and edged out in this traffic-jam of the selfish educated and ignorant proletariat, and the pampering of the worst instincts of the latter by the former lead to a steady deterioration of the decencies of life. In such an environment quality is sacrificed to quantity.

Against this degradation of the human being by the supremacy of the machine through the effects of industrialization, Mahatma Gandhi had warned the public more than once. Deploring the widespread neglect today of the ethical and spiritual elements in human nature and the inner longings arising therefrom, Dr. Deshmukh continued:—

> It is my belief that in the seats of power, no matter of whichever party, there is not enough intolerance or the necessary fanatical hatred of anything in the nature of a shoddy or corrupt practice and there is too ready a making of terms with evil for the sake of political expediency and saving face. But these unnoticed and unchecked erosions of the moral law do harm on a more rapid and extensive scale than is the case with erosion of land surfaces in the absence of conservation measures.

With legislators elected on the principle of one man, one vote, democracy has come into play, according to the lecturer, as a new force disrupting the socio-religious traditions of the country. The whole ethos of society has tended to move towards gentle dealing with transgressions of law, and there was positive encouragement to the shirking of hard and honest work, with labour laws putting a premium on added reward without added output. Dr. Deshmukh observed that while the administrative aspect of governance was important, the ethical aspect was vastly more important:—

> An uneasy public hears of nepotism, still very common, high-handedness, jerry-mandering, feathering of nests through progeny and a dozen other sins of commission and omission, and yet is helpless for lack of precise data, facts and figures, evidence and proof.

To remedy this state of affairs, which he described as one of the languishing of the moral law (quoting from the *Bhagavad-Gita*, IV. 7), Dr. Deshmukh concluded:—

> I believe that with our spiritual heritage, it would be possible for us to check the languishing of the moral order, the blunting of the edge of righteousness, so as to spare Providence the necessity of appearing on the scene. The lead in such an endeavour must be taken by the truly educated and enlightened and the discriminating among the society must join their forces in order to ensure that political power is wielded, not by the ill-educated or the self-seeker, but by the dedicated cultured and intellectual....
>
> It is only they that are entitled to receive the suffrage of the people, that can practise any effective form of trusteeship for the masses without either pandering to the citizen's baser instincts or crushing his individuality by physical violence or the subtler forms of the violence of unreason.

———————

No single factor has contributed so much recently to deterioration in Indian academic standards as the prevailing confusion over the medium of instruction in schools and colleges. Leading educationists have not failed to express grave concern over the disturbing trends in the field of education today. The failure to reach unanimity over the medium of instruction has resulted in a decline in the quality of instruction in English without compensating improvement in standards of teaching in the relevant Indian language or in the development of the language itself.

It is, therefore, cheering to note that the Madras Government has realized that if English must be taught, it must be taught properly, and accordingly decided, in collaboration with the British Council, to "institute a campaign for the improvement of the standard of English teaching in the schools." A press note issued by that Government states:—

> It has been accepted by Government that the efficiency of instruction in the study of English in the schools of the State should be improved and that all practicable measures should be undertaken for such improvement. This has been emphasized in the memorandum submitted by them to the Official Language Commission in discussing the question of medium of instruction and study of languages in educational institutions. Government have now decided to institute a campaign for the improvement of the standard of English teaching in the schools of the State. The scheme of the campaign which has been prepared and submitted by the Regional Representative of the British Council in Madras consists mainly of the running of in-service re-training courses for teachers of English in the schools of the State.

The scheme is elaborate and includes a follow-up course and the campaign is to be extended to the whole State in a phased programme. The Government deserves to be congratulated upon its decision to institute similar courses later for teachers of mathematics, science, social studies and Tamil — a welcome recognition that standards in these too have been declining sadly.

It has been admitted by all leading educationists that the truth of the matter regarding decline in standards is that what is essentially an academic issue is being treated as a question of national or parochial prestige. It is not necessary to deny the importance of language as a unifying force in a nation or region to recognize that the best available means for such unity in India is English. The increasingly inadequate knowledge of English both among the teachers and the taught is producing graduates whose equipment in the subjects of study is alarmingly meagre and it is hoped that the Madras Government's scheme will answer the badly felt need.

As the political, social and economic climate of every age has an influence on what is written, the writer is always faced with the question whether he should lend himself to the propagation of opinions on vital topical issues or write as his inner self dictates. Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, has rightly met the issue by calling on writers as literary artists to rise above petty frictions and develop cultural solidarity and fellowship in the world. Speaking at the opening of the 30th Congress of the P.E.N. at Frankfurt last month, he pointed out that the P.E.N. had done its utmost to dispel race, class and national hatred and to champion the ideal of one humanity living in peace in one world. He said (as reported in *The Hindu*):—

> We must learn to live as members of a single family or destroy ourselves. Each race, each creed, each nation regards itself as the chosen of God, as the elect of the future, as the educator of the human race. There is a self-righteousness which each of them feels about its culture, its pattern of life and, unconsciously if not consciously, uses its reason to save its emotions and develop an aggressive hostility to all who reject this pattern and who are committed to other values. Any

nation which sticks to this position and is unable to adjust itself to the realities of the new age has no chance of survival.

The unity of the world cannot rest on political issues, economic alliances and social factors. It can only be achieved by a sense of psychological coherence and a sense of world community in the people themselves. It is here that literature has a vital part to play in engendering this consciousness that we all belong to one human family. Pleading, therefore for a world literature, to strive towards which is the only way to build up great or worthy literature, Dr. Radhakrishnan concluded:—

Literature could only flourish in an atmosphere of freedom. This is a period when the free intelligence of man warns us to get out of the rut of historical attitudes and get adjusted to the new world with all its obligations. How soon we will get to our goal depends on each one of us.

Appropriately enough, Professor Theodor Heuss, the President of the Federal Republic, who opened the Congress, alluded to the importance of Frankfurt as the birthplace of Goethe, who symbolized in his life and writings the truth that the world of the spirit knows no barriers of race or frontier and who was the inventor of the term "world literature" — "which was now beginning to have its true meaning." He said:—

Today the Orient and the Western world can no longer be separated and the presence today of Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan is the proof of that.

AN OLD MAN

You gaze upon the sunset without fear,
Knowing another dawn you may not see,
The past is like a novel almost ended
Wherein you played the central character,
The future is a story still untold,
Its action on a broader canvas set
Without restrictions as to time and place,
And all, like you, must solve its mystery.

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